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them, they may repeat a chapter here and there of their unwritten biography as an illustration of the way the world goes, and smile as they recount it. They have had experience, ever valuable, they will say, and have learned certain lessons in life, which is sufficient compensation, in the absence of any other.

Commend us to the pure American for calmness and philosophy, under crucial circumstances! He is at base a stoic. Stoicism is his rational and national religion.

Foreign critics are lost in wonderment at the resignation of our people to sudden change of fortune, so common here as barely to attract notice. They admit that we slip from wealth to ruin without depression or complaint. Where Europeans would go mad, or commit suicide, we gather up the fragments and resolve to try again. We turn from the darkness of the night to the radiance of the unborn day, and feel stronger for what we have endured.

This is the best evidence that we have no love of money as money; that we are fond of making it for the employment it furnishes to the active brain and the industrious body; that, having lost it, we are ready and eager to stand up, and have another tussle with fortune, and, if need be, still another and another. We have any number of examples of men who have spent half a dozen times their inherited or acquired riches, and, at their last spending, have not repined.

There is scarcely a record of an American of unadulterated stock who has been a murderer from pecuniary motive. If we want money, we get it in dramatic fashion; in quaint, pictorial style. Making millions is our way of dealing practically with the romance that lurks in our fervid souls. We are generous to a fault, extravagant, prodigal,—what you will; but in regard to love of money we are so inconstant as to argue ourselves unworthy and incapable of such love.

JUNIUS HENRI BROWNE.

THE POOR MAN AT HARVARD.

THE representative spirit at Harvard is a high and manly one, notwithstanding the numerous statements and the current belief to the contrary. The fast set is limited in number, and the set of snobs, though numerous, is smaller than is generally believed. Harvard is a little world in itself, where young men of all kinds of character and ability have come together ostensibly for the training which the college offers them. Some work only for the degree which is offered for four years of successful work, and a few do not seem to care even for that. While it is the common belief that Harvard is a college for the rich, I have no hesitancy in stating that the majority of students have at their command a very limited allowance, either because of the wisdom of their parents or because of actual poverty.

The really poor man naturally does much studying, for he has an object in view, and, since his money is hard earned, he tries in every way to get the utmost possible return from its expenditure. Usually such men have ability, and this, added to their earnestness, guarantees them a leading place among the scholars of the college. Yet among the class of men in moderate circumstances there are men of equal ability and earnestness, and since they have not the worry which the poorer men have, it is often to them that the

plums of scholarship fall. In many ways it is an advantage to be a poor man here, because it gives earnestness where otherwise it might not be found ; but no man can do his best work in college when he is forced to give much of his time to outside work for self-support.

There are some curious sentiments at Harvard, particularly among freshmen and sophomores, and even among those seniors and juniors who retain sophomore and freshman characteristics. One of these is the desire to be considered "a man of the world"—a spirit which has brought much unmerited discredit to the Harvard student as a type. Another is the contempt with which he looks upon the "grind," or the man who studies hard and conscientiously.

The typical "grind" is a most undesirable fellow. He pores over his books from morning till night, and far into the night ; he takes no notice of matters of common interest or of college affairs ; he talks only about books and studies ; he is a crank ; and he is appropriately represented in the college comic paper as a man with long hair and a vacant, far-away, poetical expression, and his constant companion is a book. Some look at him with contempt, and the majority with pity, for it is doubtful if any one ever knew a real out-and-out "grind" to be a marked success in life.

It is certainly not a wonder that a man does not wish to be considered one of these ; but here, as elsewhere, the student goes to excess. The snobs began the custom of ridiculing the "grind," and then of extending their ridicule to all hard students ; and now, among this class, every man who works hard is considered a "grind." The sentiment has unfortunately spread through the college, and finds expression very often from men who in all other affairs cannot be called snobs. It is an unhealthy sentiment, and one which should have no place here, for it is a sign of snobbishness which may bring to Harvard a very unsavory reputation.

The grinds are almost always poor men. They have to work hard, they have to wear poor clothes, and, being poor, they are obliged to keep aloof from their fellow students. They are, however, typical only of a very small class, and all poor men and hard workers should not be judged by them. The majority of the poor men at Harvard are able men, of manly and noble disposition, of genial nature, and with practical minds. They differ from many of the leaders in college life only in that they have already been forced to find a purpose in life because they have been thrown on their own resources. They are prematurely advanced, or, as is often the case, are really older in years, as well as in thought, than the majority of college men.

As to how many men there are in Harvard who are dependent on their own resources for self-support there are no statistics at hand upon which to base a statement. Probably there are very few, perhaps not more than a score, who are absolutely dependent on themselves ; but there are many more who are in large measure forced to support themselves. A cheap dining-hall recently started by one of the most philanthropic members of the faculty now boards about one hundred and fifty men, nearly all of whom are forced to live with great economy ; and these are only a part of the poor men at college, for some live in Cambridge, others go home to the neighboring towns, and many board at other places. Probably there are two hundred men in college, or nearly one-fifth of the total number, who in one way or another help support themselves.

These men come from all parts of the country and from all walks of life. The sons of professional men, of tradesmen, mechanics, and farmers, are all

here among the poor men. Either inspired by their parents or finding the inspiration in themselves alone, they have chosen to seek an education, and, seeing the importance of their step and the value of improving every opportunity, they are an earnest body of students of whom the world will hear more in the future. Generally they are older than the average student, and sometimes they are full-grown men.

It is a boast of the college that no worthy needy student who would profit in life by a college degree need leave Harvard for want of money, and the experience of the poor men amply justifies this statement. There are few places where money can be spent more easily than here, and there is perhaps no other educational institution where money can be more easily obtained.

Directly from the college aid may be obtained in various ways. One hundred and twenty-five scholarships, yielding in the aggregate some \$28,000, are annually given away to needy students. For those who are not successful in obtaining these there is now a fund of \$15,000 annually available, which is distributed, in sums ranging from \$100 to \$250, to deserving students.

Besides these, there are loan funds and prizes. One of the chief sources of income, however, is outside work. The majority of the faculty take a deep interest in deserving, self-supporting students, and through them not only is profitable employment secured for the summer months, but much college and other work is turned over to them during term time. One of the most profitable sources of income is tutoring. Unfortunately for them, though fortunately for the poor man, there are many men at Harvard who have more money than they know what to do with, and in spending it they find less time for study than is expected of them. When the examinations by which they are to be tested come, they find need for outside aid, and they then go to some needy student who ranks high, paying him from two to three dollars an hour for his services as tutor. Some men have earned from this source alone more money than they needed to meet their year's expenses, and many men each year add materially to their income from this source. Not a few students write for the press.

The poor man at Harvard is socially a failure, but mentally a success. Sometimes he enters athletics, but the majority, either from choice or necessity, keep aloof from this source of pleasure but destroyer of time. He is not openly snubbed by his more fortunate fellow students, but finds himself more or less an outcast, though few probably desire or try for the companionship of those with whom they cannot keep pace if they would. In nearly every member of the faculty he finds a warm sympathizer and supporter; and the encouragement which he receives from this source gives to him an increased desire for work and for success.

To the class of poor men I have belonged for four years full of toil, yet full of pleasure. I have not found it necessary to give all my time to study and work, but have profited somewhat from what is perhaps the most valuable part of a college training—the general college life, the meeting of people of all types, and the choosing of friends from among them. Yet this has been of necessity a secondary feature of my college life, and though my hair is not longer than it should be, nor my sole topic of conversation Homeric or Darwinian, I have still been a hard student, and with the snobs have the reputation of being